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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

80c a Year.

VOL. I.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

80c a Year

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NO. 35.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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Zekel Makes Some General Remarks to Reuben.

Now Bube, I've got some thing to say
And yet you be I shouldn't,
I kind of thought some times I would
Then kind o' thought I wouldn't.
It's about this stayin' out o' nights,
Them cards and moderate drinkin',
Now them the devil's easy chairs,
And there he sets a-winkin'.
It's not to be a sermon, Bube,
I'm not the Lord's anointed
And so the heads of my discourse
May be somewhat disjointed.
Just kind o' mixed like shine and shower,
Like changeful April weather,
But just like time to pick 'em up,
And put 'em straight together.
And first what's good in whisky, Bube,
When things seem to mind you,
It only makes bad matters worse
When two bad things pursue you
Just knock your head back in the face.
It hurts, bulgur and bear it,
For men of grit 'll win the race
And own the world or share it.
We can't all be like Washington,
And do great things as he did
And die all this mighty land,
For but one daddy was needed
Besides I all were just like him,
Them all men would be evel
And who the deuce would like to hear
The evel' quent thoughts of Zekel.

We cannot all be architects
God don't think we ort ter,
For some must hew and haul the stones
And some must tote the mortar;
But it's labor that you do
Don't seem so consequential
As what some other fellow does
It may be as essential.

Now Bube, when hard luck comes your way
Just once try this experiment,
Go hunt some jovial neighbor up
And take a dose of merit,
You'll be surprised how quick the load
Is lightened that you carry
The devil's blue that torments you
Can't ride with man that's merry.

Down I hasn't a bit of use
For men who have no laughter
They're tomplishin' lookin' round for graves
While the funeral's comin' after
I feel when one of them comes round
A Western blizzard on me,
While little arctic circles come
And creep all up and down me.
But shun the shining liquor, Bube,
It's Satan's own temptation,
For gin and ale are next o' life
And here's a close warning,
So bear life's burden like a man,
Dright and shun the evil
And in the end you'll conquer sure
The world, the flesh, the devil.

C. M. LAUTMANN

The Wide World.

Reports from South Africa are still more disconcerting to the people of England. Gen. Buller has made three unsuccessful attempts to relieve Ladysmith, and a fourth attempt is about to be made. Gen. Joubert has himself led an army against Gen. Buller and it seems probable that the latter will be forced to fall back and leave the city to its fate. English papers now agree that the situation now in Africa has been unparalleled since the time when Lord Corwallis was shut up in Yorktown by the Americans. As a result the people of Great Britain are greatly concerned over the continued reverses and hope for great things of Lord Roberts, now in supreme command.

State and County.

The situation in Kentucky is not as suggestive of civil war as it was last week. The case of the Republicans has been presented in Federal Court at Cincinnati and is now being heard. Hostilities are suspended temporarily though the Democratic wing of the Legislature still meets in Louisville and goes through the mockery of doing business even though without a quorum at times. Gov. Taylor announces that he is taking it easy and not crossing bridges until he comes to them. The situation looks more favorable to the Republicans now than it did last week.

The Southern Railway will build its proposed Burgoon extension through Lancaster if the citizens of that vicinity can raise a bonus of \$25,000 to pay for the right of way.

Capt. J. Speed Smith, a prominent citizen of Madison county, died last Thursday morning at his home in Richmond.

Civil Service Examinations are to be held at Louisville, March 16 and April 17; Lexington, April 15; Owensboro, April 4; Dauville, April 20; Covington, April 4.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. Burdette was ill last week. Dr. Martin of Kingston, was in town Monday. William Engate, of Germ Sulphur, was in town Monday.

R. H. Christian and wife arrived here last Monday for a short visit.

Prof. L. V. Dodge went to Richmond on Colleges business yesterday.

R. R. Harris was here Sunday, returning Monday to his home at Whites.

James Fields, of Ohio, arrived yesterday for a visit with his nephew, Ralph Fields.

Mrs. Nixon returned Friday, after an extended visit with relatives at Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

J. Leonard Peters returned last week from Indianapolis, after having blisey treated.

Mrs. H. C. Richardson came up from Conway last Saturday, and is visiting with the Misses Richardson.

D. F. White, of Richmond, spent several days here the past week, on business for his investment company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cople left last Saturday for a visit with their son, Charles, and family, at Fort Hitter, Ind.

Dr. R. H. Lewis was here from Wildie on business yesterday. He reports that small pox cases there are improving.

Mrs. S. G. Jones of Waco, returned yesterday to her home after a two weeks' visit with her nephew, C. M. White.

W. D. Sharp and wife, of Union Mills went home yesterday, after visiting for a few days with their nephew, J. C. Sharp, and family.

Harry Todd, a former resident of Berea, was in town last week to attend the funeral of his father, Madison Todd. Harry is now located in Leslie county.

Rev. George Ames left Monday for St. Louis, where he will receive medical treatment. He expects to be gone some time, but his stay is conditioned upon his improvement in health.

F. L. Dicklinson left yesterday for Richmond, where he will coach the C. U. ball team in the coming season. Several C. U. boys were in town Saturday and succeeded in enticing him away.

Rev. and Mrs. M. K. Posen left yesterday for Pleasant Hill, Tenn., where they are in conduct a series of special meetings among the students of the Academy there. They will probably visit Chattanooga before their return.

LOCALS.

Horse for sale. CITIZEN office.
For sale—two bicycles at \$20 and \$12 at CITIZEN office.

The editor spent Wednesday and Thursday visiting Rockcastle people in the interest of the CITIZEN.

Frank Jones, who keeps store at Safford Cane, has built a store at Boone's Gap Switch, and will soon be ready for business.

There are several cases of small-pox at Wildie, in the families of James Parsons and W. H. Jones. The disease is quite severe in some cases but seems to be under control.

Mrs. Rosa Hayes died last Thursday after being sick for some time. There had been smallpox in the family, but it is now reported that her death was caused by some other trouble.

Last week were held a series of prayer-meetings, one each night at 6:30, being conducted by some member of the faculty. The attendance was good and considerable interest was shown.

Berea has a night operator for the present, at least. The operator at Wildie has the small-pox and so that place is cut out temporarily. A night man was sent here Monday and began work at once.

Middleborough is now confident of the near approach of a year of prosperity such as she has not had for several years. Many of the business houses there are preparing for a large increase of business this year.

The approach to the stairway leading to the offices in the Hanson Building has been put in good shape by the College. Now let some other property owners on Main street do a little work on their sidewalks before someone steps on a loose board and brings a damage suit for injury received.

Mind everywhere. There are four pikes which meet in Berea at the corner of Main and Chestnut streets, and on them it is possible to travel in considerable comfort for long distances. It is a disgrace therefore that all the streets in town except Main are almost impassable. Something to remedy this condition needs to be done at once.

The Owlsley students met recently and organized a "Yonny Club," electing Mr. Dethleff President, Taylor P. Gabbard, Vice pres., Miss Nannie Reynolds, Sec., Leonard Peters, Treas., and Stephen Gabbard, S. A. A. The club meets every Friday from 4 to 5 P. M., and so far is a success.

The constitution providing for the election of honorary members, Miss Ellen Click, G. A. Stremore, and our teacher, Mrs. Putnam, have been elected to membership.

Taylor P. Gabbard.

Faults of Digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. HERBINE perfects the process of digestion and absorption, and thus makes pure blood. Price 25 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter
Season in Men's and Boys' Fine
Stylish Made

CLOTHING!

We are prepared to cloth you with the Lowest-priced rightly made, absolutely all wool Clothing in America. Rightly-made, as it is, of famous "Viads" Brand, the only ready to wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vitals," the very life of the garment, is carefulness in making, represents the spending of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready to wear Clothing. The Fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. This is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

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"JENNESS MILLER"
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Are the Most Stylish
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Are for Young and Old
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They Fit the Feet as
Nature Intended

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The Berea Monument Co.

The result of good work and reasonable prices is that we now have customers in all parts of the State
When you want

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Let us know and we will send you designs and prices

Headstones, \$6.00 up to any amount.

...Marble and Granite Monuments ...

At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

JOHN HARWOOD, Prop.

Berea, Ky.



DIED WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Ky., an honest, upright man, had a large jaw tooth and the nerve died and he did not know it, consequently the death was without pain. His tooth then began to ache and his face began to swell. He went at once to Dr. Holton, and he filled the tooth at once, the tooth, though dead, is as good now as ever and Mr. Smith is eating his meals on it three times a day and a tooth like this will last from 10 to 20 years and not cause any pain.

Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says "My wife had piles forty years. Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

Soil gold teeth, \$5.50. Teeth extracted 25 cents. Examination free. Office open at night. All work guaranteed.

When your teeth ache or when you want any scientific, up-to-date advice about your teeth, see Dr. Hobson, next door to P. O., Richmond, Ky.

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THE HIGHEST BRANCHES.

The highest branches on the tree
Know secrets of the sky.
All night they act the silent march
Of starlight passing by.
A shadowy mystery of mystery
Unheeded draw near—
From strange lands, from unknown climes
They bring a message clear.
All day the highest branches ratio
Their tiny hands to heaven,
And unto plauding urgency
Are happy answer given.
From sunbeams clouds and azure sky
From sunbeams bright, they gleam
The secrets of a wider world—
The unseen and the seen.—
Elizabeth French, in Springfield Republican.



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CHAPTER XXVI. CONCERNING MANY THINGS

A short and desperate attempt was made to rescue him. About a dozen horsemen charged right at us, and for a moment it appeared as if they would succeed. But we were too strong, and although they inflicted severe loss on us, killing Hande Nere amongst others, they were cut down, all but one, who led them. This man, seeing all was lost, and determined not to be taken himself, galloped to the quay, and striking his spurs home, leaped his horse far into the river, and made for the vessel. The stream was running fast and strong, but the good beast, despite his burden, struggled bravely against the flood. To relieve the horse, the cavalier, having torn off his morion, slipped from the saddle, and with his hand on the pommel, attempted manfully to swim beside the animal. The weight of his cuirass, however, bore him down. Twice his head sank below the water, twice he rose again and battled with the flood. Those on the ship made no effort to save him, and we on shore could do nothing. He had now, fighting every inch of his way, drifted astern of the vessel, and some one lunged a rapet at him. His hand reached out to clasp it, but missed, and then the under-current caught man and horse and dragged them down. He rose yet once again, his white despairing face turned towards us, and with a supreme effort of hate, shook his clenched hand at me, and was gone.

So died Crepin D'Entrangues, the death of a brave man, unyielding and fighting to the last. The yellow Tiber hissed in white foam over the spot where he sank. Perchance the mad currents dragged his body down to the slime of the river-bed, picked it up again in their swirl, tossed it in sport from one to another, and finally flung it to rot on some lonely bank, where the gulls screamed above it, and the foxes of the Maremma gnawed at the rusty armor, and snapped and snatched over the white bones in the moonlight.

Everyone knows the history of the times, and it is not my intention to dilate on this, but merely to set down, without comment, those matters of state in which Fortune allowed me to play a part. When Cesare surrendered at Ostia the Borgias were broken for ever, and Valentino allowed, after a short confinement, to escape to Spain, where he died like a soldier. Now that the game was in their hands, the allies began to quarrel amongst themselves, the French king to drive away his opportunities by gayety, and the Venetians to step in, in their Most Serene way, and claim a share of the spoils for the Lion of St. Mark. Events moved quickly, the genius of the Great Captain won victory after victory for Spain, the death of Francis Piccolomini paved the way for the accession of Rouvre to the papacy as Julius II., and the Holy League was formed, by means of which the French were finally driven from Italy. Thus, in a few years, the work of D'Ambroise was scattered to the winds, but long before that time I had sheathed my sword, and concerned myself no more with war.

But on the day that I surrendered my

prisoner to D'Ambroise and Orsini, the former already in thought sat in St. Peter's chair, and the latter, at the least vent, imagined himself the Lord of the Romagna. I sent forward couriers, with the news of my success, to the cardinal, and ere we reached Malafede met with a return messenger from D'Ambroise, bearing a brief note of congratulation, and adding that Colonna had made terms to evacuate the portions of the city he held. The messenger informed me that the Bailli of Caen had already entered Rome by the Porta Pia, and finding himself between two fires, old Fabrizi Colonna had made a virtue of necessity, and by yielding, now deserved himself for another day. This enabled me to go back by an easier route than we had come, and as we rode through the Ostian gate, I could not help contrasting my present entry to the day when Jacopo and I had reined in our weary steeds to let the Borgia pass, and give his following the road. At the Ponte S. Angelo, I surrendered my prisoner to Orsini in person, and truly thought he would have but a few hours more to live, for Gentil' Virgilio had a long score to settle with the Borgia, and a longer memory for a wrong. The wood, too, of Phocas, whose Centurio strangled at Singinga, and that of the cardinal Orsini, whom he brutally murdered in Rome, called aloud for vengeance. Cesare himself seemed to be aware of this, for whereas up to now he had remained in a sullen silence, he found tongue to implore me, in the most servile manner, not to deliver him to Orsini, and when I told him I had no option, he tried to creep out of his litter, and lay his cap at the feet of his enemy. Orsini spoke nothing, merely ordering him to be borne to S. Angelo; but as the Borgia shrank back into his litter, he said with a grim smile that he trusted the duke would find his entertainment to his liking. How it happened that Cesare cast off with a whole skin I never knew, but as did, as I have mentioned above, and it surpasses belief. He turned us at the last, and the low blood showed in him; but he was one of those men who knew how to be thoroughly bad. Orsini took back his litter, saying he had need of that it was with my own few men that I reached the Palazzo Corneto. I must except Hande Nere from this number, and I was truly sorry for his death, for he was an honest sword. The cardinal received me in the little chamber where we had supper with Machiavelli. He had thrown aside his clerical habit and was in mail, but wore his baretina on his head. He was more than kind, congratulating me heartily on my success, going so far as to say that by capturing Cesare I had given a kingdom to France. I then left him with further assurances of his good will towards me, and saw him no more for the day.

Towards the small hours of the next morning I was aroused from a deep sleep by Jaco-

po. Starting up, I inquired what was ash, and was told that De Saure, the page, was waiting to see me. I gave orders for his instant admission, and, on coming in, he informed me that his eminence desired my immediate attendance. Telling Jacopo to have Castor saddled, for I smelt work afoot, I flung myself into my clothes and hastened to D'Ambroise.

He had evidently not slept all night, and was pacing the room in agitation.

"St. Dennis!" he burst out, as I entered, "do you know what they have done? The king holds tourney at Arezzo instead of marching on at once. What is worse, he has granted an extension of the truce to Spain, and Tremouille and the rest of them are off to the jousts. They are making a May-day with those dunces you captured. By G—? they would dance waltz a kingdom."

"Your eminence has my doubt sent news of the capture of Cesare?"

"That was only yesterday, man," he snapped, "and De Briconnet is riding for his life to the king. It is about that I sent for you," he went on, rapidly. "De Briconnet may come to harm. Here are other disputes. Take them and follow him; overtake him if you can. When you start?"

"Now."

"Good—here are the papers. And this is for Tremouille, Adrien"—and he held out his hand—"Monsieur le Comte."

I started a little at the last words which he uttered in French, but had no time to ask for explanation or make inquiry. I hurried to my apartments and found Castor ready. Telling Jacopo to follow me to Arezzo with my men as soon as possible, I gave Castor the rein and rode out of Rome. At Città del Pieve I got my first news of De Briconnet. At Cartona he was but two hours ahead of me, and when on the afternoon of the second day I rode in the staggering Castor at the gates of the Villa Acqueta, where the king was, I saw in the courtyard a dead horse, his sides still bleeding from the spur marks, and judged that De Briconnet had hardly beaten me by a head for all his 12 hours' start. So once again I had entered the Villa Acqueta! And as I sprang to the ground, loosed the girls over Castor's heavy flanks, and resigned the reins to a willing groom who led the poor beast to rest, all the past came back to me with a vivid force, and I looked around, almost expecting to meet again the glances of scorn and contempt, to hear once more the hisses, the mockery, and the foul reproach of the dunces.

The cardinal was right enough when he said that high junks were to be held. And the day seemed to be one of merry-making. Flags were flying from all parts of the villa, and the wide grounds were full of the followers of the court, and the townspeople either watching or engaged in sports of wrestling, archery and other games.

For the great ones, however, the out-door amusement of the day came to an end with the dinner hour, and they were now dosing themselves within. From the open windows strains of music floated out into the sunlight and gay figures passed and repassed, or moved in and out of the balcony overlooking the grand entrance, which seemed, from the constant movement and the brilliant dresses of those who crowded thereon, to be like a bed of flowers stirring in the wind. As I came below the balcony, I did not dare to look up, but with my sword in the loop of my arm and my dispatches clenched in my right hand walked up the marble steps.

"Post from Rome! Post from the Lord Cardinal!"

The sonorous voice of the ushers pealed this out, and I found myself at the entrance to the gallery leading to the great hall where I had been tried.

"Not here, sir—to the left!" My way was barred by an equestrian in violet and gold.

"Not so, De Briconnet, the king receives these dispatches in person," and Bayard had linked his arm in mine.

"But, my lord!"

"I take the blame," and Bayard, blazing in full mail, led me through the gallery, whose sides were lined with the archers of the Scottish Guard. Archers in name only now, and, little as my time was, I could not forbear glancing at these fine troops, who, although few in number, bore an unequalled reputation for service in the field. The doors at the entrance to the hall, which were guarded by two gigantic men-at-arms, were opened only at fixed intervals to let people in and out, and by this means an attempt was made to avoid overcrowding. There were a considerable number of us, and, having to go slowly, we had time to exchange a few words.

"I suppose De Briconnet has passed in?" I asked; "he could only have just arrived, for his horse lies dead at the gates."

"I doubt it. All posts are received by De Vesci, whose wrath we are going to brave. If De Briconnet came in here direct, he was probably stopped and sent to the seneschal's apartments."

"If so, as he was the first comer, he should present the dispatches," I urged; "I bear but duplicates!"

"There is no time to think of that now," replied Bayard, and as he spoke the doors unfolded, and in a crash of music and the murmur of voices, above which now and again trilled a peal of clear feminine laughter, we entered the hall. At first we were unobserved, for the interest of everyone was gathered to the center of the room, where the strains of music a game of chess was being played with living figures. The king himself took part in it, and I had good opportunity of observing him. Time had not changed Louis much, although his recklessness had enfeebled his constitution. He had the features of his house, the wide forehead, the round face, the pointed chin, below which his short brown beard was neatly trimmed. His gray eyes were set somewhat wide apart, and his hair, which was naturally straight, were carefully curled, in a length that all but touched his shoulders. He was dressed in a tight-fitting surcoat of green, with green trunk-hose and stockings of the same color. A short cloak, also of green, fell from his shoulder, and below his left knee was bound the ribbon of the English Order of the Garter, of which he was master. Mine de Tremouille acting naught, and the rival king was Tremouille himself, who had for his partner Isabell the Good, the wife of Gonzaga di Mantua, a princess distinguished alike for her beauty and her virtue. A little apart from the players, and watching the game with a grave interest, stood Eleonore de Vesci, the seneschal of Beaucaire, who was, after the cardinal, the most powerful man in France, and, indeed, was aspired by many to have more of the king's ear. Close by her were a number of ladies, and I saw my eye amongst them and around the hall, hoping in vain to catch sight of the one face I longed to see. Whilst so engaged De Vesci observed me, and, seeing the papers in my hand, made an impudent gesture, beckoning me towards him. This I pretended not to observe, and the seneschal, biting his lips, edged his way towards me. It was easy to see from my traveled and stained appearance, the red on my spurs, and the packet in my hand, that I was the bearer of news.

Other friends coming up, our converse was brought to an end, and I managed to effect my escape, and take refuge in the pavilion of Bayard, who insisted on my being his guest. I would have willingly forgone the supper at the Borgo di San Vito, for I was weary; but having promised, borrowed a horse from my host, and set out. I reached the secretary's lodgings punctually to the

"Is not monsieur aware," he said, in a harsh voice, speaking in French, "that papers for the king should be brought to me?"

"These are for the king's hand," I answered.

"It is enough. Give them to me," and he held forth his hand.

"I have said, my lord, that they are for your majesty's own hands."

Bayard, who was watching the game now drawing to a close, turned round at this, and grasping the matter, cut in.

"Ciel! My lord, let the cavalier deliver his packet. It will come to you soon enough. Take a holiday for once."

De Vesci frowned, and was about to make a hot answer, when there was a sudden shout and a clapping of hands, and Louis, who had won the game, came forward leading Mine de Tremouille in triumph. The last move was made but a few feet from us, and as the king faced round with his party, he caught sight of our group and called out as he advanced:

"A victory! We have won. Why those black looks, De Vesci? Come and congratulate us."

With an effort the seneschal smoothed his face. "A victory always attends your majesty, and with so fair a partner defeat would be impossible," and he bowed with a courtly grace; but the wrinkles of his brows were still on his forehead. The duchess grey red with pleasure at the compliment, and Louis clasped his hands like a boy.

"Excellent! Trust a cavalier's lip for a soft speech!" and then, observing me, "but what have we here?"

"From Rome, your majesty," and, dropping to my knee, I presented my papers, which the king took irresolutely in his hand.

"Diable!" he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture, "from my lord cardinal, no doubt?" And he glanced at me.

"Your majesty, and of the most vital import, and I rose.

"I must read them, I suppose. A plague on the cardinal!" We were just going to the minuet."

"I will deal with the matter, sire. The papers should have come to me," and De Vesci, saying this in his harsh, grating voice, reached forth his hand. Usually a perfect master of his temper, he had somehow, for once, let go the letter of his hand, and his closing words and manner were almost those of command. Louis, though a brave man, had a weak nature and a hasty temper. A temper that was often aroused to fits of obstinacy, little short of mudish. He caught the seneschal's tone, and perhaps also the suppressed smile that tickled on the faces of his courtiers. His forehead darkened. "You mistake, my lord, these papers come to me only to me," and, turning his back on the seneschal, he tore open the packet.

De Vesci stepped back, white to the lips, and the court gathered round the king in silence. Seeing Tremouille at hand, I made bold to step up to him and give him D'Ambray's note. He glanced at it, and, turning to me, said: "I gave my word, and it shall be kept. The honor of Tremouille is pledged."

I was at a loss to understand it, but he had no time to think, for Louis suddenly called out: "Tremouille—Bayard—gentlemen! The Borgia is taken! Rome is ours!"

At once there was a buzz and a murmur of voices, in eager congratulation at the



"Take back your knighthood"

hour, and was received by Chan, who, after a respectful inquiry concerning my health, ushered me into an apartment, where, on entering, I found myself alone. I had to wait some little time, and wondering at the strangeness of my reception, I walked towards a window overlooking the private gardens of the house. As I reached it, I heard the rustle of trailing garments, and turning round beheld Angiola before me. She came up with outstretched hands, and I took them in mine, and looked into her eyes. Then I found words; they came to every man at the right time, and I spoke. She made no answer as I pleaded my cause, and fearing the worst, I dropped her hands, with a bitter reproach against my age and my scarred face. When I had done she remained still, with her eyes down, and then was a silence. Then she looked up again.

"Di Savelli," and her voice was very low, "you say your face is scarred by wounds. Do you know, cavalier, I would were a man, that I too might bear wounds on my face, and looking in my mirror, see how they became me?" And the rest concerns not any one.

We were married before the end of the truce, and on my wedding day I received from his majesty the king the presents of the county of Fresnoy, in Picardy, a distinction that was extended to me in Italy by his holiness Pope Paul III., confirmed on my purchasing a portion of my ancestral estates back from Amilar the High, confirmed to me the title in my native land. But the gift I valued most of all was a tunic of Amalfi, to which still clung a shred of the gold link, by which it had been attached to a bracelet. And this was from my wife.

CHAPTER XXVII.
MY LORD, THE COUNT.

Portion of a letter from the Countess of Savelli to her cousin Vittoria Tredicci of Forlì.

It is, as you know, gentle cousin, six years since my lord, having lost his sword arm at the storming of Santa Croce, retired to his castle of Aquila in the Sabine mountains and ceased to help further in stirring the times. In truth, he has yielded to my wish in this matter, and although, in the war of the Holy League, he was offered a command, Di Savelli, at my entreaty, refused to accept it.

The count, my lord, is well, but his wounds troubling him in the winter he may no longer follow the wolf in our mountains, yet still hints the stag in the Cimino forests of our kinsman, Amilar Chigi, to whom we have been reconciled and whom we visit yearly.

Last winter we spent in France, at the chateau of Seigneur de Bayard, which lies on the Garonne, and met there, among others, Mine de Tremouille, who is now a widow, the duke having died of a tertian ague at Milan. There also was a very gay and noble gentleman, Viscount de Briconnet, who avers that my lord owes him a county for having forestalled him in bearing to the king the news of the subversion of Borgia. My lord of Bayard, whom he counts thinks all men, visits us in the autumn; and, gentle cousin, come you too, for we are to have a house full. The children are well, and Ugo grows a strong boy, but willful. He has his father's features, but my eyes. They have just gone a riding, my lord on his great war horse Castor and Ugo on his little white pony, bred on our farm in the Bergamasque. See them as I write, going down the avenue.

Your namesake, Vittoria, sends you a hundred kisses, and bids you come and be heartily welcome. I send this by a sure hand, that of my lord's espouse, Messer Jacopo Jacobi, a faithful servant and a good award, though his tongue be ever wagging. Give him an answer, to say you are coming.

THE END.

Careless Writers.

"Yes," said the editor, as he put his gumbrush into the ink bottle, and tried to paste on a clipping with his pen, "yes, the great fault of newspaper contributors is carelessness."

"Indeed," he continued, as he dropped the copy he had been writing into the waste basket and marked "editorial" across the corner of a poem entitled "An Ode to Death," contributors are terribly careless.

"You must be surprised," said he, as he clipped out a column of fashion notes and labeled them "farm," "to see the sloped writing that comes late in the editorial satanism."

"Misspelled, ungrammatical, written on both sides of the sheet, illegible, ungrammatical stuff. Contributors are terribly careless. They are—"

Just then the office boy came in with that dictatorial and autocratic manner he has, and demanded more copy, and the editor handed him the love letter he had just written to his sweetheart—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Good Excavator.

Conan Doyle recently addressed the following amusing letter to a member of the Ormeau Golf Club, with reference to a concert held by the club, at which one of the "Songs of Action" was to be sung: "My Dear Sir: Pray present my compliments to the Ormeau Golf Club, and wish them from me a very happy evening. I am myself an amateur golfer, getting very violent at tasks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to overcome myself that I shall ever be healthy, good, and strong again. Then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to pay a special tax. I inaugurated a private course in Vermont also, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were baring for. If ever the Ormeau club should wish any part of their links returned I could undertake in a few games to clear away any soil now existing!"—Troy Times.

Black Images of the Madonna.

WHAT A FORMER AMERICAN SAYS.

Doubled Their Cultivated Lands and More Than Doubled Their Stock.

The following letter written by Mr. John Cummings of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada, formerly of Washington, to a friend in the United States is only one of a hundred similar cases, and what was done by Mr. Cummings can more easily be done to-day by any good, sober and industrious farmer who chooses to make his home in the Dominion.

Dear Sir:

You want to know how I got along since I came into Northern Alberta. I am happy to inform you that I am not ashamed to tell.

We located five miles northeast of Wetaskiwin; left Farmington, Washington, on the 26th of May, driving all the way.

We had time to build our log house, the first fall and to make us comfortable for the family and stock. We then built four stables 18x20 inside, so that we could put everything inside them when the cold got down to the fifties, and worked hard getting up the stables and got through dubbing on the 1st December, but to our surprise we had no use for the stables only for the milk cow and two pairs of horses. The balance of the horses lived on the prairie all winter and took care of themselves. The doors of two stables were left open for them to go into in a cold time, but they would not do it, but stayed out on the prairie the coldest night we had, and looked as spry as cricket.

I can go ten rods back of my house and count ten residents. I know all of their circumstances. Every one of them have doubled their cultivated land and doubled their animals, and a great deal more. All of us are comparatively out of debt and are unusually big crop to thresh and prospects of a fair price, and I expect we are as well constituted lot of people as there are from Florida to the Klondike.

My son bought two pounds of twine to the acre, and when we started to bind some barley, we found that instead of taking two pounds to the acre, it was taking nearly five pounds. Then you ought to have seen him hitch up a team and make for town for 100 lbs. more. I cannot say how it will thresh, All I can say is that it is well headed, and takes an enormous amount of twine.

Business Acumen.

Old Hardheads—We decided to take young Sharpie into business with me as soon as he and my daughter got back from their honeymoon.

In Bonn, Hard—But I thought you saw me in the fellow?

"I didn't at first, but I've changed my mind. I told him he couldn't have my daughter till he had at least \$1,000 in the bank. He got me to put it in writing, and then went out and borrowed the \$1,000 on the strength of becoming my son-in-law. Such business ability as that mustn't be allowed to go waste."—Til-Bits.

President Krueger Aband.

Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, Dec. 7, 1899.

Messrs. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.: Gentlemen—Your last shipment and communication received. I am very much pleased with the information that you have so kindly given me.

Please find enclosed bank draft to the amount of \$2400 lbs, for which send me twenty-five (25) gross of Swanson's "DROPS." Ship same as before in order that there may be no delay, as this article will be greatly needed before it reaches us. The last shipment is still disposed of, as the medical department of our army uses large quantities. This order is entirely for you.

I have been told that our success on the battlefield is due to a certain extent to the use of "3 DROPS" Rheumatic Cure, which has relieved and prevented a great deal of suffering among our men from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Catarrh, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Headache, etc. Large sized bottles (1900) \$1.00, \$1.00 or three 50c bottles for \$2.50. Sample bottles 25 cents.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 161 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Called To Down.

"You want a decent shave, I presume," remarked the jolly barber, as the duded climbed into the chair.

"Aw, big fashin," said the youth, "but weally, I aw—till to empowish down."

"That's French for cutting down," answered the knight of the razor, with a grin on his tawg.—Chicago Evening News.

Hoppe Speltz Beards.

Most remarkable tree! Will make a few rich despite himself if he plants a plenty. Salzer's catalog tells. And this notice for samples of shave and big eat-alot. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

The Peper Prescription for CHILBLAINS.

The Peper is a bottle of Givens' FANTASTIC CHILL TOXIC. It's simply around quinine tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"How did Abel come to make up with Jim?" "Heard some one say they were at exes and sevens, and was afraid of the unlucky 13."—Town Topics.

To Cure a Cold in Time Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

You must behave yourself if you hope to avoid worry; no guilty man can avoid worry over his misdeeds.—Atchison Globe.

It requires no experience to dye with PITTMAN FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

The goodness of our intentions never excuses the badness of our actions.—Chicago Daily News.

The Grip of Pneumonia may bewarded off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Price's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A man seldom tells the truth about his business; he exaggerates it one way or the other.—Atchison Globe.

I have found Dr. E. H. Lotz's 100% Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1892.

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.
HEREA, KENTUCKY

A Caffir captured by the Boers while having a quill dispatch from Mafekeng to Kuruman was searched from head to foot, and then told to go. The wily native thus escaped, with the dispatch safely concealed up his nose, and reached his destination without further mishap.

Norway has a law dealing with navigation. According to the net every person over 15 years of age can be cremated after death if he or she has made a declaration in the presence of two witnesses. For those under 15 a declaration on the part of the parents is necessary.

The present empress of Germany loves a new frock. Her wardrobe comprises more than one for every day in the year, and she is said rarely to wear a gown more than once. Yet, in the bosom of her family she is generally seen with an apron covering her dress, as this homely article of apparel is a pet of her husband's.

The twentieth century will commence on January 1, 1901. It will open on Tuesday and close on Sunday. It will have the greatest number of leap years possible—24. The year 1901 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that, to and including 2000. February will have three times leap days in 1901, 1908 and 1976.

The lowest point of land on the American continent is the grand divide in Niagara, where the elevation is only 116 feet. The lowest point of land on the bottoms of Panama, according to the report of the annual commission, is Culatra, which is 221 feet above tide water, and is now the scene of active work by the Panama Canal.

The promises of a lover are as unreliable as those of a politician.—Atchison Globe.

WIT AVERTED A STORM.

The Capital Device of a Congressman to Cool His Wife's Anger.

In the sedulous of the house clockroom a clock is being run on a western member. There are 337 men in the house. Three hundred and fifty six are hereby released from any connection with the story. The other man—and the other man's wife—will recognize the truth of what is here recorded.

The western member went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so as he ascended the steps of his modest home he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation.

He carried the umbrella upstairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his head and then coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim gaslight her haggard lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella. "What are you doing?" she asked in natural surprise.

"It is almost dark, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm."

The congressman's ready wit saved him from a scolding lecture. He is worrying now, however, to find an equally effective act for the next time he stays out late.—Washington Post.

West's Stolen Pigs.

Another story that West told related to his candidacy for the legislature in 1861 against A. S. Walker. The canvass was exceedingly exciting because of the near approach of war, and all the questions incident to it were discussed with much animation. Charges and counter-charges were made. Both sides knew that about six votes either way would determine the contest, and on the day before election Walker raised the point on West that he had stolen some pigs. The only way that West could meet the charge was to acknowledge smugly that he had the pigs in his pen and in his possession. If he had gone further and said that he had bought them—which they hoped he would do—they had witnesses to show that he had not bought them, but West was too shrewd to be caught in the trap, and turned the accusation off with a laugh and the remark,

"One can't account for the way his boys get pigs!"—St. Louis Republic.

MARSHAL REPORT.

Chicopee, Feb. 2
LIVE STOCK: Cattle, 2000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Sheep, lambs, etc., 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Horseflesh, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Light sheepskins, 400 \$1.00 to \$1.25
FIELD: Choice, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
LAMBS: Extra, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
FLYING: Sheep and lambs, 2000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
No. 3 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corn, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
No. 3 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
PROVISIONS: Meats, pork, 11,200 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Lard, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
HONEY: Cedar, timothy, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
LIVER: Lamb, mutton, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
APPLES: Choice, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
POTATOES: Per bushel, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

CHICAGO.

FLOWER: Winter patient, 340 \$1.00 to \$1.25
GRASS: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
No. 3 yellow, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
LAME: Steam, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

NEW YORK.

GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Southern, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
POKE: Moss, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Southern, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

LOUISVILLE.

GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

TRADE MARK.

GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Southern, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
POKE: Moss, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

LARD: Steam, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

TRADE MARK.

GRAIN: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Corns, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 1000 \$1.00 to \$1.25

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Extracts from Mr. Roberts' Book.

In the light of recent statements made by Mr. Roberts to the House of Representatives as to his views on Mormonism, it is interesting to read the following letter which shows the real views of the man as expressed in his book, "A New Witness for God." This letter was written by Miss Helen Gould to Dr. Josiah Strong and we are glad to be able to present it to our readers.

New York, December 18, 1899.

Dr. Josiah Strong, President League for Social Service. Dear Sir:—A short time ago I received "with the compliments of the writer" a pamphlet entitled "Plural Marriage and the Manifesto." The Tribune and the Kinsman Answered," by Mr. Nathan Tanner, Jr. The book is an argument for polygamy, and closes with the following paragraphs:

"The practice of plural marriage is not only not immoral or hurtful in its consequences, but it has produced the greater number of distinguished men, and it has providentially happened that there are from Utah in the councils and service of the United States, and in this State, and at the head of business concerns, a greater percentage of polygamous sons than there are of monogamous sons."

"In the council of the nation is that distinguished Senator, Hon. Frank J. Cannon. In the army are Chaplain Elder Elias S. Kimball; Col. Willard Young, of the Corps of Engineers in the late war with Spain; Capt. Richard W. Young, who with his men, dragged by hand their cañon through the mud and rain and did such noble work at Manila. In the navy are the rapid fire guns, the invention of John M. Browning of Ogden. In the State is Governor Wells. In ecclesiastical circles are three or four of the Twelve Apostles; two or three of the First Council of the Seventies, Presidents of States and foreign missions, Bishops, High Councillors, etc., all of whom are the peers of their fellows. Hence plural marriage, instead of being the awful thing it is by some represented to be, stands the test of the highest standard of morality, and its fruits are quite equal to monogamy."

"How long will Christian men and women in this day of enlightened thought cast away their reason, and in mad frenzy continue to fight against a principle bearing such fruit and having the unequivocal approval of the prophet, how has there been a God from all eternity?" The answer is that there has been and there now exists an endless line of Gods, stretching back into the eternities, that had no beginning and will have no end. Their existence runs parallel with endless duration, and their dominions are as limitless as boundless space."

Can one imagine a lower or more materialistic conception of spiritual things?

Below I quote the advertisement of the work to show you it has the approval of the Mormon Church:

"A New Witness for God. A work of 486 pages, treating of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Committee appointed by the First Presidency to read the manuscript of this work before it was published—viz, Elders Franklin D. Richards, George Reynolds, and John Jaques—say in their report:

"Your committee, to whom you referred the consideration of Elder B. H. Roberts's new work, entitled 'A New Witness for God,' respectfully represent that they have read it with care and believe it to be a valuable addition to our Church literature. They find nothing therein calling for adverse criticism, but to the contrary find that it is orthodox and consistent with our teachings. There is harmony in its chapters which gives much strength to its arguments, all of which point directly to the evidences, first of the need of a New Witness for God, and next that Joseph the Prophet was that witness. The truths are emphasized on lines of reasoning different from those common to our elders which carries to the world freshness and an interest that will, we think, attract students and develop in our youth and others an increased love for the study of the great Latter-day work. Brother Roberts's work collates and condenses a large amount of useful and important information, historical and theological, which is often not readily accessible to the Elders and members of the Church, but which tends to broaden their views and enlarge and enlighten their understanding of various vital matters connected with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"I wish to be perfectly understood here. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that man—that is, his spirit, is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a mother also. And when I say that the prophet taught that the resurrection is a reality, that the relationship of husband and wife is intended to be eternal, together with all its endearing affections, I mean all that in its most literal sense. I mean that in the life to come man will build and inhabit, eat, drink, associate, and be happy with his friends; and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the power and dominion of those who attain by their righteousness unto these privileges."

Speaking of the power of forever adding to his posterity, Mr. Roberts continues:

"It is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in

that great eternity, which like an endless vista stretches out before him! Through it man attains to the glory of the endless increase of eternal lives, and the right of presiding as priest and patriarch, king and lord over his ever-increasing posterity. Instead of the commandment, 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth' being an unrighteous law, it is one by means of which the race of the Gods is perpetuated, and is as holy and pure as the commandment 'Repent and be baptised.'

Through that law, in connection with an observance of all the other laws of the gospel, man will yet attain unto the power of the Godhead, and like his Father—God—his chief glory will be to bring to pass the eternal life, the happiness of his posterity."

Next Mr. Roberts argues that it is possible for men to become Gods, and he quotes from the prophet Joseph Smith to show that the God whom we worship was once a man: "God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret."

"Here, then, is eternal life—to know the only wise and true God, and you have got to learn how to become Gods yourselves, and to be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done before you—namely, by going from one small degree to another, and from a small capacity to a greater one, from grace to grace, from exaltation to exaltation, until you attain to the resurrection of the dead, and are able to dwell in everlasting burnings and to sit in thrones in everlasting power."

(From a discourse preached by Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, April 7th, 1844. *Milleen Star*, vol. xxii, pp. 245-248.)

"But if God the Father was not always God, but came to his present exalted position by degrees of progress as indicated in the teachings of the prophet, how has there been a God from all eternity?" The answer is that there has been and there now exists an endless line of Gods, stretching back into the eternities, that had no beginning and will have no end. Their existence runs parallel with endless duration, and their dominions are as limitless as boundless space."

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"A New Witness for God. A work of 486 pages, treating of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Committee appointed by the First Presidency to read the manuscript of this work before it was published—viz, Elders Franklin D. Richards, George Reynolds, and John Jaques—say in their report:

"Your committee, to whom you referred the consideration of Elder B. H. Roberts's new work, entitled 'A New Witness for God,' respectfully represent that they have read it with care and believe it to be a valuable addition to our Church literature. They find nothing therein calling for adverse criticism, but to the contrary find that it is orthodox and consistent with our teachings. There is harmony in its chapters which gives much strength to its arguments, all of which point directly to the evidences, first of the need of a New Witness for God, and next that Joseph the Prophet was that witness. The truths are emphasized on lines of reasoning different from those common to our elders which carries to the world freshness and an interest that will, we think, attract students and develop in our youth and others an increased love for the study of the great Latter-day work. Brother Roberts's work collates and condenses a large amount of useful and important information, historical and theological, which is often not readily accessible to the Elders and members of the Church, but which tends to broaden their views and enlarge and enlighten their understanding of various vital matters connected with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"I wish to be perfectly understood here. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that man—that is, his spirit, is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a mother also. And when I say that the prophet taught that the resurrection is a reality, that the relationship of husband and wife is intended to be eternal, together with all its endearing affections, I mean all that in its most literal sense. I mean that in the life to come man will build and inhabit, eat, drink, associate, and be happy with his friends; and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the power and dominion of those who attain by their righteousness unto these privileges."

Speaking of the power of forever adding to his posterity, Mr. Roberts continues:

"It is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in

The Counties.

Jackson County.

Collingsworth.

We are having plenty of rain this week.

Measles are at large in this part of the country.

The small-pox scare is about over in these parts.

Several of our citizens went to Richmond last week.

J. M. Coyle, of Locust Branch, was here this week buying hogs.

Several nice droves of cattle passed through here going to Richmond court last week.

Samuel Standerfer of Clover Bottom, passed through here enroute for Perry on a visit.

The new subscribers to the *Citizen* from this place have received their paper and are well pleased with it.

We are hearing from some of our boys in the Philippines; they say they are in good health and well satisfied.

Perry McCollum, of Indian Creek, has returned from Garrard, where he has been to see his brother-in-law, Elisha Johnson, who is sick.

Evergreen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lake is better.

Dr. Rose has a new supply of goods on hand.

Hurt is cutting staves for J. W. Lake on Horse Lick.

Captain Smith has a lot of new goods at W. D. McGuire's old store.

Miss Katie Lake and her brother Bradley have been very sick with the measles, but are improving slowly.

W. T. Short arrested Mary J. Rose for making moonshine. Her trial will be held at Mt. Vernon Thursday.

Edward Lake and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl baby which makes just twelve in the family.

Everybody is rejoicing because the United States marshals have been in on Horse Lick. We hope they will get some of the law-breaking boys.

Tyner.

The school here under the instruction of James H. Jones, is progressing nicely.

Mr. Hays and two other gentlemen passed through here on their way to Burning Springs from Berea.

James H. Moore, of this place, left for Texas where he will spend the winter. We hope him a successful journey.

There is a larger number of schools being taught in our county this winter with a larger number of attendance and under better instruction than ever before. A larger number of boys and girls are attending schools in other counties from this county.

Buck Creek.

Mrs. Nannie Kincaid, who has been very low with fever, is improving.

We have had a good rain and the people are very much in hopes of a tide.

Misses Sallie and Phoebe Isaacs of Wild Dog are visiting relatives on Buck Creek this week.

Nellie Brandenburg and Rebecca Maiouros were the guests of Alice and Nettie Tredway, Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. W. D. Smith, of Berea, has been visiting his many friends at this place the past week. We were glad to have Mr. Smith with us.

There is now a Post-office at Needmore, name Vincent, in honor of Vincent Boreing, of Loudon, Ky., and still they need more.

Our worthy Superintendent, J. B. Spence, visited the Elk Lick school Tuesday. He seemed to be pleased with the good work being done in school.

Clay County.

Grace.

Hog buyers paid 3 cents here last week.

W. H. Murray has received a new stock of goods.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hacker, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. John Hundley, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McDaniel, a boy.

C. W. Bowlin arrested Daniel Parker, Morgan Bowman, Ab. Bowlin, and J. W. Bowlin, last Saturday week, for shooting in J. W. Benge's house.

Oenedia.

Born, to Hugh Bowman and wife, a boy.

Married, George Powder and Miss Lucy Hensley.

R. T. Burns bought a fine mule of John Campbell.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE E. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Our Good Side and Our Bad.

There is a good side and a bad side to every man. We see only the good side of some man, and we wonder that he is not esteemed by all as we esteem him. We see only the bad side of another man, and we are surprised that others prize him as we can. We are right and we are wrong in both cases. Both men have both sides, and we ought to recognize this in our estimate of them.

It is with ourselves as with our fellowmen; we have a good side and a bad side, and those about us are likely to judge us by the one side or the other. It will be well for us if we gain a lesson from the judgment of others as to our two sides. It ought to help us to make progress in the right direction, and to repress the faults and defects for which others judge us harshly.—*Sunday-School Times*.

Sugar and Sunshine.

Bay City, Michigan, has one of the largest beet-sugar factories in the United States, and it is the best one this side of Germany.

It is a wonderful process, this sugar-making, from the ripening and planting of the seed, the culture of beets, digging the vegetables and their manipulation in the factory, to the two spoonfuls of the beautifully granulated sugar which you put in your coffee on Sunday morning.

To think this sour old world has sugar in her heart! And it tickles our farmers since they have found it out.

Sugar-makers and beet-growers have also found it out. If the vegetables are dug during a protracted spell of cloudy weather, then the beets yield a comparatively small per cent of saccharine matter. If however, they are gathered when the days are all sunshine, then is the output of sugar very largely increased.

Take a lesson, my friend, from a homely thing—a sugar-beet. Dwell continually in the blessed sunshine of God's righteousness. Then will the little children delight in your presence, and the world shall know that you have been with Jesus.

Charles H. Dorris.

Sufficient Unto the Day.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take a step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down makes me dizzy; to look too far up may make me tired and discouraged. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. There is not a child of God in this world strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled up on top of them. We leave a perfect right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day; but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes, grace will come with it sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.

Theodore L. Cuyler.

Daniel Burns sold six head of cattle recently for \$190.

R. F. Burns and wife are the proud parents of a fine daughter.

Mrs. Catherine Guyot, of Doorway, has been visiting friends here.

Prie Combs and sister, Mrs. Eliza Combs, are visiting relatives here.

Robert Hacker has finished logging, and has taken his cattle to Richmond.

William Allen and Henry Wilson, of Maulden, visited friends and relatives here recently.

One of Sam Burn's boys was thrown from a horse and had his arm broken in two places.

A. H. Burns has been trying to buy Daniel and Dudley Burns' logs at the mouth of the creek.

John Magee is doing a good timber business here.

Fred Mullins has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Brown, at Level Green.

Alf Owens is moving his sawmill farther down the branch of Horse Creek.

The *Citizen* has not been well represented here lately, but hope to do better.

Sherman Swiford and James Hammond have been visiting friends and relatives here.

Your correspondent is trying to get several of the boys to come with him to Berea to school next fall.

Dreyfus.

Rev. James Young is ill.

Several persons from here attended County court last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hill are rejoicing over the advent of a sweet baby girl—Cecil Dudley.

Little Margaret Riddle, while playing around an open grate, fell and burnt her hand very severely.

Curtis Benge, who has been residing in Centerville, Ohio for the

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

I am sure that I need make no apology for giving entire this pretty little poem by Alice Cary:

A Fable of Cloud-land.

Two clouds in the early morning

Come sailing up the sky—

Twas summer, and the meadow-lands Were brown and baked dry.

And the higher cloud was large and Of a scornful mind [black,

And he sailed